

Oates's *Bug---Bug---* Boarding-School,
A T
CAMBERWELL

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *My Lord Russels Farewell.*

Written by J. Dean, Author of the Wine-Cooper. The Hunting of the Fox. The Badger in the Fox-Trap. The Lord Russels Farewell. The Loyal Conquest. The Dutch Miller, &c.

Rouse, Rouse my lazy *Mirmidons*,
And muster up our Tribe;
See how the *Fallious Fancies* stands,
To trim or cross the Tyde:
Invite 'em to my *Vaulting School*,
The *Saints* for freedom tell:
How they may live without Controul,
With me at *Camberwell*.

There all Provision shall be made
To entertain the best,
Old *Mother Creswel* of our Trade,
For to rub down our Guests;
Three Hundred of the briskest Dames,
In *Park* or *Field* e're sell: (flames
Whose Amorous Eyes shall charm the
O'th *Saints* at *Camberwell*.

For my own spending I will keep
Of Boys Three Hundred more,
They are to my *Appetite*, more sweet
Then *Bawd* or *Sucksome Whore*:
The *Turk's Seraglio* we'll revive,
He sinks so fast for Hell:
Our *English Turks* may Plot and thrive,
With me at *Camberwell*.

That Sacred place shall tempt his Grace,
Once more from Friends to fall:
He'll leave these new-found Sweets to trace
both *More-Park* and *White-hall*;
For *Gray* and *Tom* shall be their home,
To Kiss Secure and Dwell:
Where e'ry *Lass* shall have his Grace,
In my sweet *Camberwell*.

Patience shall from the Cock-lost creep,
And here have free Access:
To Swear and Drink, to Whore and Sleep,
Such Vertues we profess;
Waller his *Pots of Venison*,
He took for *Priests*, may sell:
His *Amber-Necklaces* make known
Our *Saints* at *Camberwell*.

Player may meet his Mistress here,
Sometimes *Sir Robert's Wife*;
They free from care in joys may share,
It may prolong ones Life:
That daring *Gibbet* 'fore my Gate,
We tear him down to Rights;
Because no Emblems of ill Fare,
Shall fright our Amorous Nights.

Argile and *Lob*, and *Ferguson*,
And all *Abscinding Saints*;
May safely to their Saviour come,
And taste our sweet Contents:
Our largest Rooms to frisk and sport,
Beds round, and Curtains Drawn;
The Life and Scen of *Venus Court*,
Excelling *Englands Thrones*.

All naked round the Room we'll Dance,
Fine Limbs and Shapes to show:
In pairs by Candle-light advance,
In dazeling postures go;
Here every Man obtains his Choice,
Sister, Madam, or Nell:
We'll have *Papilion* and *Duboyce*,
To my sweet *Camberwell*.

Finis.